

When a tornado struck, he was neighborly,
And there have been other times.
But it would take a dropped bomb
To bring out the man completely --
Too late to tell
Whether we could love him as well
As we love ourselves.

-- Elaine V. Emans

Minneapolis, MN

Con Man

The gifts I buy and offer you, my dear,
may seem installments on a payment plan
devised to ease you, an impoverished heart
finds purse more open than the inner man.

When you unwrap them I hope you can find
forgiveness for the way I try to meet
the promissory notes you hold, my name
proved to your eyes I walk on honest feet.

Bankrupt, burglar, forger, I confess
the signature I swore to writ in sand
you witnessed when I opened love's account,
I bring you gifts to hide my empty hand.

A Field You Can Not Own

You thought there was a For Sale sign
on her heart and decided to buy
the property but sometimes a clover
meadow turns to sand and meadowlarks
vanish before the hawk -- what makes
love or good earth barren?
She gave herself in trust
and you thought it was fee simple,
the promised land you hoped to settle.
She tried to tell you that love
can only be deserved but you
wanted to make a down payment
on a field you could never own.